

THE CANADIAN FORUM



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TORONTO, MAY, 1922

No. 20

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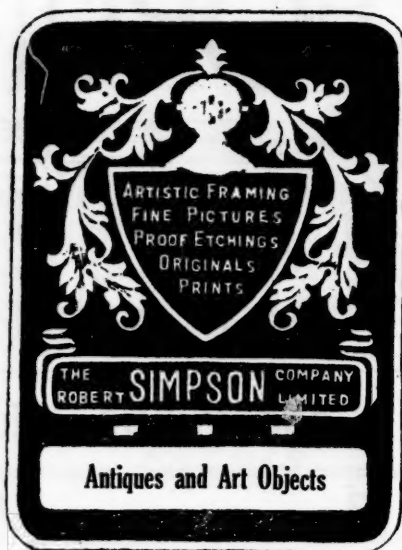
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MR. KING has been having a bad time at Ottawa. But his troubles are only such as fall to the lot of the man who chooses the primrose path. Even in youth Mr. King was rarely ardent; maturer years and the attainment of the pinnacle of his ambition by devotion to the old chieftain rather than to any particular principles have served to increase his caution and his habit of compromise. As leader of a middle party he may hope to succeed in playing the middle part so proper to his nature. Unfortunately, however, his party just falls short of having a majority in the House of Commons; nor is it a well-disciplined unit. The Progressives and Conservatives will find it difficult honestly to agree on any matter of importance, but should they combine in desiring a vote of want of confidence, especially if they can make a breach, however small, in the ranks of the Liberals, the fall of the Government is assured. A series of critical debates and two very close votes have shown how near the Government may be brought to dissolution by supporters who lack the plasticity of their leader.

THE failure of the McMaster resolution was only to be expected. Mr. Meighen and his followers, however much they might praise the courage of the member for Brome, were sure to oppose his motion. The Progressives would naturally support it, and their numbers in ordinary circumstances would have been increased by a considerable group from the ranks of the Liberals. But the circumstances were quite extraordinary. During the last session Mr. King and several other ministers of the present cabinet voted in support of a more drastic resolution on the same subject. The elections came, and Mr. King was called on to form a cabinet. His overtures to the Progressives failed, and he thought it best to include in his Government several men who did not resign their directorships in important companies. In the debate Mr. King thus described the situation: 'Had I, regardless of their distinction and public service, sought to impose upon honourable gentlemen coming into the cabinet restrictions of various kinds, I might have succeeded in effecting a mediocre administration; I certainly would not have had the

privilege of being surrounded to-day by the gentlemen of distinction and eminence who sit in this cabinet. There are times and places for everything.' Mr. King may be right, but we believe that men of ability and distinction can easily be found—perhaps not in great numbers within the Liberal Party as at present constituted—who would consider a directorship in the Government of Canada a unique and sufficient honour, and the holding of any other directorship in a company whose fortunes are in part controlled by the Government, a thing inconsistent with their duty to the public. Within the next two years our banking laws and our tariff are to be revised, and it is doubtful propriety for those immediately concerned with the task of revision to have a divided interest. If Mr. King had been really in earnest in his support of the McMaster resolution of last year, and if he had insisted on the recognition of such views when the cabinet was being formed, he might have converted these 'gentlemen of distinction and eminence.' At any rate his ears would have been spared the stinging speech of Mr. Meighen, with its concluding words: 'The best thing that, from my own standpoint and, I think, from the standpoint of the permanent interests of the country, I can desire, is just to leave the leader of the Government where by his conduct he is placed; to let his action of a year ago and his action to-night, his conduct in forming his Government, and the laboured explanation he grinds out now in his defence—let these things speak for themselves, and be an indication to this Dominion of his loyalty to principle and of his sense of public duty and honour.'

SUPPORTERS of the Government seem to have had their nerves rather badly frayed. In defeating Mr. McMaster's resolution many of them must have voted against their convictions, and the after-effects of such a course are never happy. Mr. Neill's amendment to curtail certain privileges asked for by the Canadian Pacific Railway, in respect to the line between Esquimalt and Nanaimo, was opposed by the Government and lost by a narrow majority of four. The Crow's Nest Pass debate was keenly contested; but here the Government seems to

have thought discretion the better part of valour. Captain Power's motion to reduce the Militia Estimates was an additional embarrassment. Mr. King's administration is still young, but from an actuarial standpoint we fancy that it should already be classed as rather a 'bad risk.'

THE flood of rumours, recriminations, and contradictory reports that has been surging over the special wires from Genoa for the last five weeks has hardly tended to illuminate the course, let alone indicate the goal of this latest effort to restore the peace of Europe. The cause of all this confusion and obscurity is, however, fairly obvious. The fact is that no one of the major European governments, except the French, showed itself willing, when the moment arrived, to fix its hopes by the chart that was marked out so timidly at Cannes. If the chief delegates showed, from the beginning, little interest in the avowed objects of the Conference, it was because none of them really believed that the avowed objects were attainable under the limited agenda. So the Conference that was to have moved solely in a restricted economic sphere had hardly assembled before it found itself, as prophesied, discussing political problems of the gravest importance, but—precisely because of the attempted restrictions—discussing them in an atmosphere of peculiar tenseness and suspicion. The result is that the conduct of the Conference in its broadest aspect has almost inevitably resolved itself into a series of irritating subterfuges and makebeliefs. In place of the straight-forward discussions and down-right statements that marked the progress of the Washington Conference we have the disavowed motives, the half-concealed enmities, and the unacknowledged intrigues that, bursting every few days through the crust of formal procedure, furnish the perplexing journalistic copy of Genoa.

SINCE, in such an atmosphere, journalism runs the danger of becoming, perhaps unwittingly, a mere instrument of diplomatic propaganda, it is well to accept with caution many of the reports received from Genoa. One thing, however, seems to be clear. The French delegates, under the constant supervision of M. Poincaré, have, from the opening day when M. Barthou put a veto upon any discussion either of disarmament or of future conferences, proved a consistently obstructive force, so obstructive, it is said, that the Little Entente and even Poland have been moved to protest. Belgium, it is true, remains loyal; but her loyalty may well, as has been suggested, be inspired by the hope that France's insistence upon the restoration of private property in Russia may result in the inclusion of Belgian oil interests in the concessions reported to have been granted by Moscow to the Shell group. On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George, supported by Italy and the neutral powers,

has been working steadily to enlarge the scope of the conference and prevent its premature dissolution. In this task he was certainly, for a time, hindered by the Russo-German Treaty, which, however commendable it may be for its sweeping economic sanity, unquestionably had the effect of bolstering up the French position. At the time of writing two questions of importance, in fact the only two vitally important questions that have come before the Conference, remain in abeyance. France still refuses to join in the note to Russia, and at the same time maintains her opposition to the so-called non-aggression pact. In the latter case the grounds of opposition are obvious. Any general agreement for non-aggression must restrict France's liberty to invade Germany at will. To any such restriction M. Poincaré absolutely refuses to submit. As for the Russian note, it is said to be so unlikely of acceptance, owing to the concessions to French policy which it already contains, that it probably makes little difference whether she agrees to sign or not.

FROM this deadlock there seem to be only two possible avenues of escape. By means of further concessions from Mr. Lloyd George—M. Poincaré will make none—a show of agreement may be maintained. In that case it may be taken as most improbable that collective agreement with Russia will be reached, and consequently the Conference will have failed in its principal object. Similarly, unless M. Poincaré is defied, the non-aggression pact will be a meaningless one-sided undertaking. In short, on the political side, agreement and nominal success are unlikely to mean anything but an addition or two to the existing stock of worthless political formulas. On the economic side some real progress of a detailed nature might conceivably be achieved in connection with exchange and, possibly, the cancellation of inter-allied debts; but the supremely important question of the indemnity would still be buried under what Mr. Keynes has called the rubbish of milliards. To this outcome there is only one alternative—a definite refusal to submit any longer to the reactionary demands and prohibitions of the French government. We believe that such a declaration of policy is not only likely but necessary. Nearly all the nations of the world are agreed in recognizing the imperative need of drastic changes in the war settlements if Europe is once again to be set on her feet. France, almost alone, stands in the way. Her veto has become a menace to her friends no less than to her late enemies. We repeat what we said three months ago, that it may well be in the best interests, not only of Europe but of France herself, if the Genoa Conference marks the breakdown of the Entente.

WE are fortunate this month in being enabled to print the first of three studies, describing the present condition of Germany, from the pen of Pro-

fessor John Firman Coar. The restoration of German purchasing power is so vital to the welfare of so many of our late allies—so vital, indirectly, to the welfare even of this country—that each addition to our scanty knowledge of German realities must eagerly be sought for. To an American audience, Professor Coar would need no introduction. To the reading public of Canada, however, his name is less familiar. We quote from the *New York Weekly Review* the following appreciation of our contributor's researches. 'His equipment for the task was unique among Americans and he enjoyed exceptional opportunities for conference and observation. Professor Coar was born in Germany of American parents and later studied in German Universities. He also holds degrees from American Universities and has practised law here. In recent years he has been a successful university professor of German, and during the war displayed a fine American patriotism, combating hyphenism and drawing upon himself the violent enmity of the German sympathizers by his articles and addresses. On his return to Germany after the war he found himself at first the object of deep suspicion, which finally gave way when the leading Germans became convinced of his good faith and the serious character of his investigations. Probably no other American is better fitted to get at the bottom of things in Germany.'

THERE are 40,000 teachers and trustees in Ontario. An attendance of fewer than 2,000 at the annual convention of the Ontario Educational Association bespeaks an apathy that is deplorable. Compared with the well-attended educational meetings of the Prairie Provinces, the Ontario convention is dull and lifeless. Sectional meetings are so sparsely attended that at one of them this year the desirability of discontinuance was seriously considered. Fewer than a baker's dozen were present to listen to a speaker specially invited from the United States. But the lack of interest at meetings is far more serious than the sparse attendance. Papers are too frequently mere opinion unsupported by a scrap of evidence, and discussions are of the same nature. The general apathy and absence of anything approaching scientific procedure can be traced to the high degree of centralization that obtains in the Ontario educational system. There is now a healthier spirit abroad, but the old thralls are not cast off in a moment. When teachers have felt for two generations that nothing that they said or did had any influence on the school system, enthusiasm for reform was bound to weaken. The O.E.A. reflects the rigidity of the old discredited system, and it will be many years before the spirit of investigation and research is thoroughly aroused. To this general statement the Trustees' and Ratepayers' Department offers an exception, but hardly, it must be confessed, a happy one. Convocation Hall, which

they filled, resembled a political, rather than an educational meeting, and the spirit of the Orange Lodge showed in the zest with which the teaching of French was voted down and the large (?) grants to Roman Catholic Separate Schools condemned. What Ontario needs is more fact and less opinion, more investigation and less politics, in its annual educational convention. Perhaps a general housecleaning would be valuable as a start in reform.

IN an article in the London *Daily Chronicle* on 'The Value of Historical Research' Major-General Sir George Aston points out how 'The Gallipoli Affair' proved a failure in men and time through lack of knowledge. Sir Ian Hamilton was compelled to work with 'a small-scale featureless map' and 'the faulty packing of transports' gave Liman von Sanders time to construct communications and defences and to redistribute his forces. General Aston points out that, had historical research been linked up with the services, ten thousand lives would have been saved, and in all human probability success would have crowned the adventure. In the Institute of Historical Research of the University of London, he discovered a large-scale contoured map of Gallipoli of first-class military value, drawn by expert military engineers of the French army in 1854-1856; and he also discovered an unpublished manuscript account of the capture of Valparaiso by an army landed on an open beach in 1891. The account was written by the chief staff officer of the victorious Chilean Congressional Army, who discloses how the 'packing' of ships in such an operation had to be faced and how it was tested and the proper method finally determined. Neither the map nor the manuscript was known to the British military or naval experts, who worked in the dark, when, as General Aston points out, a proper co-relation between historical and staff experts would certainly have saved many lives and in all probability would have resulted in such a saving of time at the landings as to make success more than probable.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL'S death seriously impoverishes our literature. It is not easy to make such a statement without loss of emphasis. What current literary criticism we have is for the most part so partial to our writers, so blindly willing to see importance and significance even in the most ephemeral rubbish, that when a writer of genuine significance dies there is really nothing to be said except that he or she has gone. The ground for a true appraisal is taken from under our feet. To our extensive quasi-literary public the country is simply teeming with poets and to them one poet more or less need not matter. There is also a smaller public which realizes that we have very little verse that is worth the paper it is printed on and that

Marjorie Pickthall's poems shine with a steady, quiet light. It is by her small body of lyrics that she will be chiefly remembered, and it will perhaps remain an open question whether she had the power to construct a work of sustained emotion, though with *The Woodcarver's Wife* before us it seems probable that she had. Whether she is writing about Quebec or not the feeling of Quebec is seldom absent, and the spirit of her poems is almost always religious even where the subject is not explicitly so. She wrote with frankly old-world feeling, but she is not less Canadian on that account.

THE exhibition of paintings by the Group of Seven, now on view at the Art Gallery, Toronto, raises the question of appreciation in another form. It is easy to see how indiscriminate approval of all writers injures the best writers, and Canada to-day affords a flagrant illustration of the fact. The obvious retort is that it is surely more helpful to over-praise than to under-praise, but if we are to judge by the Canadian example again, nothing would seem to be further from the truth. Canadian artists have seldom been over-praised. We assume that our artists are inferior to those of other countries just as cheerfully as we assume that our writers can hold their own, and yet it becomes more apparent every year that our art is growing in importance and that our literature remains a dubious quantity. The Group of Seven are steadily establishing themselves in *and out* of Canada as a body of artists to be taken seriously. If their work frequently seemed tentative a few years ago, it reaches a high level of competence now; it has gained in variety and lost nothing in power. And this development has taken place under adverse conditions in the ordinary sense of the word. But there are signs of a change. Our writers have a public ready-made; our artists are creating a public for themselves.

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Reform of the Services—The Next Step

WITH the Government's decision to unify the control of our military, naval, and air forces few people, apart from the dispossessed office holders at Ottawa, will be likely to quarrel. Economy needs no justification in these days, and economy is admittedly the main object of the reorganization. There is, however, another factor, not necessarily conflicting, that seems to be in some danger of being neglected. The tendency is to take for granted the beneficial effect of this reform upon the efficiency of the services. On the whole this is no doubt justified; but it would be a mistake to look for any noteworthy improvement from this change alone. For, in the case at any rate of the military and air forces, much will depend upon how far the government makes this the occasion to reorganize thoroughly the whole military administrative system. At first glance this may seem to be a doubtful proposition, and many people will be inclined to question the wisdom of reorganizing a system that appeared to serve so effectively during the war. In so far as training, intelligence, and strategical plans are concerned, the doubt is probably justified; for our general staff work, properly so-called, must continue to rely upon Imperial sources, and is not likely to benefit materially by any local departmental changes. Organization and administration are, however, another matter. Here simplicity, elasticity, and the particular needs of this country all point in the direction of some reform that will give permanent embodiment to the lessons that were learnt during the war.

Prior to the war the Canadian parliament had secured, not without difficulty, an almost complete control of the administration of the country's military forces. The outbreak of war made it clear, however, that this control did not extend beyond the borders of Canada. Indeed the First Contingent had not been many months in England before it became clear that the machinery of Canadian military administration overseas was still largely that of a dependency. The Militia Act ceased to apply to the overseas forces once it had handed them over, so to speak, to the Army Act. In the same way K. R. & O. (Canada) seemed also to lose its authority; in any event there were only a half dozen copies overseas, so that in practice regimental and subordinate staff officers came to work entirely upon K. R. & O. (Imperial). Even in questions of pay and allowances there was doubt as to the source of control, and commanding officers, who in most cases had never seen even a copy of the pay and allowance regulations for the Canadian militia, turned confidently to the Royal Warrant for the pay of the army when they sought an authority upon such questions as forfeitures and deductions. In addition, such war-time expedients

as Army Council Instructions were for a long period accepted by all Canadians as the pure milk of military authority. Indeed, during the first two years of the war these anomalies and contradictions in control went almost unquestioned. The old-fashioned administrative machine was somehow jockeyed into providing for the additional load that each fresh batch of reinforcements threw upon it; but in spite of the increasing friction and complication no real attempt was made to remodel it. It is, in fact, doubtful if, at that time, any person saw clearly the real causes of the administrative confusion, let alone their remedy. The many scattered authorities were too preoccupied with the task of keeping their own isolated portions functioning to devote any thought to the problem as a whole. Neither the Canadian government nor the Minister of Militia seemed to have made up their minds as to the extent of the direct authority that they intended to exercise, and as a result neither the Minister's representative in London, nor the General Officers Commanding the Canadian training camps were able to determine the limits of their authority. None of the existing regulations and statutes threw any light upon the new situation. In fact legally, in spite of Sir Sam Hughes' occasional outbursts, Canadian troops were in precisely the same position as the troops of a Crown Colony; while in practice, even by the War Office, it was recognized that that position required considerable modification.

Apart from political considerations it was the realization not only of the waste of effort that this state of things implied, but also of the danger of growing friction with the Imperial Authorities that prompted the Canadian government to appoint an Overseas Minister at the end of 1916 and at the same time to establish a central headquarters in London. For some months little change was noticeable. The government at Ottawa still hesitated to lay down a definite policy, and the direction of the first of the overseas ministers was not remarkable for its energy. Moreover, while the relation of the new headquarters to the Canadian troops in England was clear from the start, its relation to the Imperial Authorities and to the War Office was a matter of slow and difficult adjustment. Gradually, however, these relations began to take definite form, and eventually the principle of complete administrative control by the Canadian government came to be generally recognized. Regulations were modified or amended to meet the needs of Canadian troops; inconvenient statutes were ignored; and consultation and agreement took the place of half-hearted direction and disagreement.

The problem that faced the overseas ministry and Argyll House was that of bringing a certain degree of order out of the administrative chaos that had existed up to the beginning of 1917. The mass

of criticism, largely of a personal nature and much of it justified, which was directed against Argyll House towards the end of the war, has tended to obscure the realization of what was accomplished in solving this problem, and in contriving a working arrangement, which, in spite of the legal and administrative difficulties, would permit a practical control by the Canadian government of its troops. The achievement was, however, a costly one. Argyll House and the Ministry staffs, while not luxuries, were terribly expensive necessities; for a much smaller organization would have sufficed had Canada possessed before the war a system of military administration in line with her constitutional position in the Empire. It is this lesson that seems to be in danger of being forgotten. The system of administration that was improvised in the midst of the war was at best an expedient, and unless it is given the permanence of legal form, another call for the employment of Canadian troops beyond our borders would find us faced once again with the same difficulties. The most important task before the government and the Minister of Militia is, therefore, that of remodelling our military administrative system so as to put it permanently upon the basis which it temporarily achieved during the war—a basis which, moreover, is the only logical one in relation to our constitutional position.

There is another reason why this reform should be undertaken. Under the existing arrangement our Militia Act accepts in its entirety, even for local purposes, the British code of military law and discipline that is embodied in the Army Act and K. R. & O. Now the war proved that this code, which had been designed for a professional army organized on a class basis, was in many respects unsuited to the needs of a modern citizen army such as our own becomes in time of war. Indeed it was found to be so unsuited that even in the midst of the war it was deemed necessary to modify and temper it by such statutes as the Army (Suspension of Sentences) Act and by an entirely unpremeditated extension of the regulations relating to the removal of men from detention. The fact that some of these reforms may be made permanent is no reason for our continuing to accept a code that must, if it is not thoroughly revised, remain in many respects a survival of the old theory of coercive discipline. As an example, take the provisions for making a complaint, the British soldier's substitute for an appeal. Every person who has served knows to what a futility these provisions may be reduced by an inexperienced or narrow-minded commanding officer or by an inefficient staff. The existence of some sort of statutory right of appeal during the war would have been the means of avoiding, in our own as well as in the British army, not a few serious miscarriages of justice in the case both of officers and men. The inevitable

complications that would be involved in the exercise of such a right cannot, of course, be overlooked; but at least it is safe to assume that they would hardly be more serious than the difficulties involved in the French system of civil control. As for the stock military argument that a right of appeal would prove subversive of discipline, that may, in a democratic community, be left to answer itself.

It is clear, however, that if these important questions of discipline and military law are to be included in a programme of reform, something more than a mere statutory declaration of the Canadian parliament's right to control the military forces of the country, and a consequent reorganization of administration, will be necessary. In fact a change in substance will have to accompany the change in form and procedure. A new Militia Act, very different from the present fragmentary statute with its vicarious provisions, will have to incorporate in itself the disciplinary portions of the Army Act, not in identical terms but altered to meet our needs and to conform with our ideas. K. R. & O. (Imperial) will have to be discarded as an infallible model for our military regulations, whatever form they subsequently take. In short, in addition to securing legal sanction for complete administrative control of our own forces both at home and abroad, we shall have to evolve for ourselves an administrative machine and a disciplinary code at once more elastic, more effective, and more appropriate than the old one. There can be no question but that the time for the institution of such changes is some time like the present, when necessity does not press; and what makes the present especially propitious is the opportunity for additional economy and for ordered development along a new line that is afforded by the passing of the Act to unify the control of the Services.

U.S. Grain Growers Incorporated

ON the Prairie Provinces the farmer-owned elevators are controlled through two strongly centralized companies, the United Grain Growers Limited, with headquarters at Winnipeg, and the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company, with its central office at Regina. In the United States an entirely different system has been adopted by the grain growers in their endeavour to free themselves from exploitation at the hands of the grain-handling interests. During a period extending back for forty years, their attempts at organization have centred around the local elevator. As a result there are now in that country about four thousand local co-operative or quasi-co-operative elevator companies. The only visible bond of union between them was furnished by farmers' grain dealers associations, state and national, which have functioned in a way to indicate that something essential was lacking

in that form of organization. With two or three minor exceptions nothing has been accomplished in providing terminal facilities for handling grain. Recently local elevators to some extent have been linked together through central selling agencies operating on a commission basis, but the American farmer, who is familiar with the development of farmers' elevator systems on both sides of the international boundary, is generally willing to concede that his Canadian brother has far outstripped him in the effectiveness of his organizations for grain handling purposes.

The last ten years have witnessed a remarkable development of co-operative marketing in California. A specialized farmer, remote from his market, the Californian fruit grower has developed a distinct type of co-operative marketing organization, one which meets the psychological demands of the farmer of this continent as no type of organization developed amongst the peasant populations of Europe can ever hope to do. It is an adaptation of the principles of big business to the standards of pure co-operation. It recognizes that marketing problems are not local but state-wide, inter-state, or even national. Though not by any means fool-proof, it has been spectacularly successful. Its success naturally appealed strongly to the grain farmers of the Mid-Western, Northern and North-western states who had come to realize that, organized on a purely local basis, they were still the helpless pawns in the great game of grain speculation centring in the Chicago grain pits.

Fortunately an organization of farmers with sufficient prestige to draw the attention of the grain growers of the United States from the local aspects of their marketing problems and focus it on the national aspects of that problem appeared on the scene. The farm bureau movement, with over a million and a quarter members, federated through their county and state organizations in the American Farm Bureau Federation, was able to secure a nationally representative convention of farmers' elevator interests. It met in Chicago in July, 1920, and appointed a committee of seventeen men, charged with the duty of drawing up the plans and specifications of a co-operative association for marketing the grain crops of the United States. Eight months later the committee presented its plans for ratification at another convention in Chicago. The plans, which called for the formation of the U.S. Grain Growers Inc., a purely co-operative association of grain growers, were approved and a provisional directorate appointed. Organization work, with 22 grain growing states listed on its programme, was at once begun and has been pursued throughout the year in the face of difficulties that were at first gravely underestimated.

The U.S. Grain Growers Inc. is a non-capital, non-profit association of grain growers for the market-

ing of grain and allied products exclusively. It differs from the Canadian companies in that, whereas they provide facilities for handling the grain, it aims to leave the handling to the appropriate, affiliated unit, and merely to market it in an orderly fashion throughout the year. That is an important difference. It is purely a selling agency, disposing of its members' commercial grain, when possible, directly to millers, cereal manufacturers, and exporters, and pro-rating the returns. Terminal facilities will be provided through a subsidiary company, but local elevators will not be acquired or operated. That will be left to local endeavour. A subsidiary corporation to provide finances and another to facilitate exports will be organized. The parent association has two sources of income, membership fees, which will probably all be consumed in meeting organization expenses, and handling charges, which will defray the costs of the selling service rendered.

None but co-operative local elevator companies are recognized by the association. Where such do not exist the members of the association form local grain growers associations, which negotiate with local elevators for the physical handling of the grain at an agreed-upon rate. Local associations may acquire or build elevators, the idea being to broaden the co-operative basis on which the whole superstructure rests.

When a grain grower becomes a member of the U.S. Grain Growers Inc. he pays an initial membership fee of ten dollars and agrees to deliver all his surplus commercial grain, after local demands have been satisfied, through the local elevator or grain growers association for marketing through the central association. Another contract, signed by the local organization and the central, provides that all such grain shall be forwarded for sale through the central. A member may sell grain locally for seed, feed, or milling purposes and the local organization may do the same. All the central is interested in is providing a market for the surplus that comes forward from each community.

Grain may be sold outright to the local organization, may be shipped through the local for sale by the central on a commission basis, or may be pooled. Provision is made for local pools, controlled by local pooling committees, for district pools, controlled by the central, and for national pools, also controlled by the central. The option as to how his grain shall be handled, whether sold outright or consigned, or pooled, rests with the grower at the time the contract is signed, except that he can change from the outright sale to the pooling method at any time. Indications are that district pools, conforming to the territory tributary to each of the great terminal marketing centres, will be favoured. On pooled grain an initial advance will be made and the balance of the price received will be distributed as funds from the sale of

grain accumulate, just as was done by the Canadian Wheat Board with the crop of 1919.

The U.S. Grain Growers Inc. will be continually negotiating sales in large quantities to the milling and cereal manufacturing companies, the domestic feed distributors, and exporters. When orders are on hand, grain coming forward may be re-routed direct to fill such orders. Pooled grain may be stored in terminals pending the receipt of orders. Grain consigned for sale by members or local organizations would, in case no orders were on hand, have to be dumped on grain exchanges unless the consignor agreed to give the central a certain time, say 60 or 90 days, in which to sell it. In that case it would be diverted to terminal storage pending the receipt of orders from millers or others.

With the assistance of a proposed, though not yet incorporated, finance corporation the movement of the grain will be financed by money borrowed on the security of local and terminal elevator receipts and on bills of lading. The usual banking facilities will be utilized as much as possible in this connection.

The U.S. Grain Growers Inc. is democratically controlled by its members. Members around a local shipping point form a local voting unit. Each unit sends one delegate to a district convention, one of which will be held annually in each congressional district in the territory organized by the association. Each district will send one delegate to the national convention, held annually in Chicago. At both district and annual conventions each delegate votes the aggregate membership which he represents, so that the members have each their proportionate voice in the control of the association. The national convention elects the directors, of whom there are twenty-one, and passes on all important matters of general policy.

This is but a brief and sketchy outline of the most ambitious attempt ever put forth in the realm of co-operative marketing on this planet. To achieve its objective in stabilizing markets and effecting economies the U.S. Grain Growers will require a membership of at least three-quarters of a million. Tremendous difficulties have been met, both from the opposition of the organized grain trade and allied interests and from cross currents and jealousies within the ranks of the farmers themselves. The issue is not yet certain, but no friend of democracy in industry with any conception of the issues at stake can fail of hoping that eventually success will crown this supreme effort to curb the exploiter in the marketing of the most important group of all food products.

R. D. COLQUETTE

What Happened in Germany

IT was an unlovely picture of the German people's 'moral armament' that Aristide Briand drew at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of

Armaments. It was the more unlovely because he knew every substantial detail to be false and the picture itself to be the figment of irrational imaginings; because he suspected the delegates did not believe him and feared the American people might doubt his sanity. Every delegate present knew that Germany has no such army of *cadres* as Mr. Briand permitted himself to imagine; that the *Orgesch* is an organization in support of democratic progress and international conciliation; that the *Schupo* or home guard is not organized nationally, is not under control of the minister of war or any other central authority, and is less formidable from a military point of view than a peacetime militia. Every delegate knew that German industry is 'demobilized' and is incapable of manufacturing munitions of modern warfare for the standing army of 100,000 permitted to Germany under the Treaty, let alone a hypothetical army of 7,000,000; and that the vast majority of Germany's war-trained troops are now outspoken pacifists who have helped to swell the ranks of organized labour from about two millions, in 1913, to over nine millions in 1921, and who are making their desire for peace politically effective through the two great Social Democratic parties. Yet the Premier of France drew his unlovely picture, and had not subsequent developments in France culminated in his dramatic resignation, millions of uninformed Canadians and Americans might have accepted it as a veracious delineation of present-day Germany.

A once famous Russian diplomat, after quoting Mr. Elihu Root's remark that 'in the place of dynastic ambitions the danger of war is now to be found in popular misunderstandings and resentments,' recently argued that now 'governments and their supporters, the bourgeois parties, are compelled to arouse the popular masses by using every means in their power for stirring in their breasts the elemental passions of hatred and fear and revenge, ever dormant in the human soul, thereby raising a formidable ghost they will no longer be able to allay and whose slaves they ultimately become.' In a measure, we did that very thing in Canada and America. It is time we put the ghost out of business. Unhappily, the ghost still seems to be a very real illusion in France, with which every French statesman must reckon and which every petty French politician trots forth with gusto. But three years of hysterical peace have brought endurance pretty close to the breaking point, and however difficult it may be for the French people in the living memory of the horrors of 1914-18, to lay the ghost invoked in the years preceding 1914, still the consequences of a military peace ought by this time to constitute a compelling appeal to every patriotic Canadian.

Many things have happened in Germany, as well as to Germany, since that day. But it is no more true to-day than it was in 1917 that the German people

are angelic beings who have somehow strayed down to this wicked earth, as our German propagandists would have us believe. Like every people, including our own, the Germans have their grave faults, not the least dangerous among which (though unfortunately the least obvious) is the inability to put themselves in the other fellow's place. It is also a French disability, but happily quite patent to all but Frenchmen. The consequences are making themselves painfully felt. The treaty terms on which France insisted and the policy which she has since pursued toward Germany remind us of Jeremiah's bitter rebuke of the prophets and priests of his own day: 'Peace, peace; when there is no peace.' On the other hand, the average German interprets the Treaty and France's subsequent policy as measures deliberately planned to destroy the German nation and to re-establish the Napoleonic policy of French imperialism. A particular case in point, if one must particularize, is the employment of African troops in garrisoning occupied German territory. The French, themselves quite devoid of race prejudice even in the matter of sex relations, do not and will not take into account the increasing resentment which the presence of coloured troops arouses in Germany. The Germans, on the other hand, with their Teutonic (and Anglo-Saxon) pride in the white man's race, refuse to make allowances for the French disregard of the colour line, and construe the presence of African troops in the Rhineland as a premeditated insult and as a malicious attempt to goad them into some action which may serve France as an excuse for military reprisals and for the extension of the zone of her military occupation. On either side, the national *ego* has become a dangerous ghost. One might fill a book with its doings.

It is this refusal, or rather this inability, to be truly realistic that is responsible for French hysteria and for the increasing sullenness and even hate in Germany. Clemenceau and his school of thought pride themselves on their political realism. In cold type, they are the chief ghost-dancers in France. They take cognizance only of the incidental happenings in Germany, and close their eyes to the characteristic. The incidental happenings tally with their prejudices, namely the ghost of the past, and impart the semblance of reality to the ghost of the present. Granted that they are excusable, the fact remains that they either are unable to perceive what is truly characteristic of contemporary Germany or will not credit what they perceive. Until France can be made to see the reality, or induced to believe it, as more disinterested peoples than the French see and believe it, the world must go staggering on along the path that leads to perdition.

Unfortunately, we of the New World were inclined to invoke our own little ghost, and it looked so much like the French ghost that we have taken

their ghost, so to speak, into the family. We dearly love to read about the doings of the 'old crowd' in Germany, about a Ludendorff rattling his toy sword, about the National German People's Party and its monarchical hopes, about a Stinnes and his (?) reactionary party of industrialists, about secret organizations bent on a war of revenge, about secret understandings between German leaders and Russian leaders, about excited professors celebrating the birthday of an exiled king and emperor in a manner becoming to idiots, and about a thousand and one incidents which are doubtless true as single facts—for, as I said before, the Germans are not angels, at least not yet—but which deliberately distort the truth. And yet, there is small hope left the world if we cannot learn to see true. True it is that the Germans are passing through a struggle the outcome of which no one can foretell, chiefly because no one can foresee whether they will be left free to work out their own salvation. It is equally true that the symptoms of this struggle are often of a discouraging nature to those who would lay the ghost of hatred and fear and revenge. But it is also true that there would be no struggle in Germany of the kind now observable were it not for the liberating of a great passion in the German folk, a passion which, if it is not perverted by pressure from without, may well effect the salvation of Europe. It would require more than one article to prove that this passion is not an illusion, or rather to establish the facts that reveal its reality. I must content myself here with a categorical summary of these facts.

In each of the three great realms of collective activity, the political, the economic, and the purely social, the community spirit is vigorously asserting itself. German democracy is exceedingly purposeful. That is a statement which few of us whose opinion of Germany was formed during the war will be inclined to credit. It was the fashion to refer to Germany as a country whose people had turned their backs on democracy. Now, quite aside from the philosophical absurdity of this contention—for democracy is merely the principle of social cohesion and the Germans certainly cohered socially to an astonishing degree—students of civilization were often fascinated (before the war) by the German people's struggle for democratic freedom. In at least one respect the Germans profited by the war. It so weakened the shackles of conventionalized ideas and institutions that the German community, which existed despite autocratic discipline and pseudo-democratic institutions, could begin to establish its own forms and translate itself into a purposeful reality. In the realm of political life, the Constitution promulgated in August, 1919, strikingly illustrates the new order of things. Today the German people govern themselves as a political community through a parliament (the *Reichstag*) elected on the principles of universal

suffrage, the secret ballot, and proportional representation; through a ministry responsible to this parliament; through a President, chosen by the people for seven years and empowered to call for a referendum on any legislation which he deems unconstitutional; and through a National Council (the *Reichsrat*) representing the governments of the several states whose advice the *Reichstag* must take in all inter-state legislation. In the narrower political field, that of political policies, the parliamentary alignment has brought into power the progressive forces of the nation as these are represented in the Centrist, Democratic, Majority-Social-Democratic, and Independent-Social-Democratic parties. Important differences there are between these parties and even within each party, but the significant fact remains that in the national parliament, and to an even greater extent in the parliaments of the several states, the masses are now determining their own destiny, and they are doing it with remarkable self-restraint and with far more success than would appear to be possible in view of the problems that must be confronted. Nearly three years of political self-government, following a century of struggle to achieve it, have made the Germans not less but more determined to enjoy democratic freedom. They may modify their political institutions, but every modification will be in the interest of democratic efficiency.

A real threat to democratic progress does exist in Germany's economic community, namely the astounding development of the so-called *Konzerns* or vertical trusts. It began before the war, took on formidable proportions during the war, and is now (chiefly on account of the peace terms) the outstanding and fixed policy of German industrialists. It would be a grave menace to the internal peace of Germany and to the sane reorganization of international economics, were it not for the counteracting influence of the German people's new purposefulness. I can mention here but two economic forms of this purposefulness. In the first place, the Germans have definitely recognized and proclaimed, in their Constitution, the principle of the co-partnership of employer and employees. The Constitution provides, moreover, for the participation of the employees in the management of productive activities through shop councils and district councils.¹ In the second place, employers and employees are held jointly responsible for the economic welfare of the people, and

¹ The district councils (*Bezirkswirtschaftsräte*) have not been established as yet, and the present National Economic Council is merely provisional, pending the working out of legislation which will put into effect the constitutional provisions of Article 165. The shop councils were established by the Constitutional Convention. It is expected that the plans of the National Economic Council for the establishment of district councils, when adopted, will reduce the possibility of labour troubles to a minimum by effecting a greater measure of co-operation between employers and employees.

to this end the Constitution established a National Economic Council (the *Reichswirtschaftsrat*), a legislative body in which all the functions of production (agriculture, industry, commerce, transportation, trade, housing, finance, insurance, the public service, the professions, etc.) are represented in the ratio of their relative importance. This body, which consists to-day of 326 representatives, has primary jurisdiction (ultimate jurisdiction is vested in the *Reichstag*) in all matters that pertain to the people's economic life. Economic ministries, responsible to it, are charged with the administration of the economic laws such as trust legislation, labour legislation, transportation tariffs, etc. Precisely how the foregoing constitutional provisions (embodied in Article 165) do control the menace of industrial autocracy is evident from the recent attempt of Germany's great industrialists to obtain control of the railways of the country. The offer to liquidate the reparation payments due in 1922, provided the national railways were transformed into privately owned corporations, met defeat in the National Economic Council, which is now working out a plan for the reorganization of the railway system on the principle of co-operation of all concerned.

Finally, in the realm of social government, by which the Germans understand the guidance of cultural agencies (so far as these ought to be supervised by the people as a whole), the old political regime has been ended. Religious bodies, for example, are now independent of the state. They may organize as self-governing communities, and have, as such, the power to levy taxes on their members. Public education, however, still remains a function of political government and here, as much as anywhere, the democratic principle is coming into play. In order to comprehend the end sought to be achieved through the so-called *Einheitsschulen* and *Arbeiterschulen*, we must bear in mind the prominent position in public life of the working classes. That position was gained, and is being held, as a result of the conviction that the rehabilitation of Germany depends on her workers. The red terror convinced both the burgher and the working classes that each has its great function, but it also convinced many thoughtful people that the hereditary notion of class must go. A German's class affiliation must be determined, so they hold, not by his birth but by his capacity. Now, if the workers are to participate in the management of industry, then the workers must be trained along different lines than in past years. This training is to be supplied in the *Arbeiterschulen* or workingmen's schools. But, on the other hand, if class is not to remain an hereditary order, then some provision must be made which will enable the children of a worker or the children of a burgher to prepare themselves for the efficient exercise of that function in society which best accords with their respective

natural endowments. This is the purpose of the *Einheitsschulen* and I should prefer to call them liaison schools. To be sure, *Arbeiter-* and *Einheitsschulen* are still in the stage of experimentation, as nearly everything in Germany is, but even the experiment establishes a virile faith in the principle of democracy.

I might continue the recital of evidence, but it is my purpose to establish nothing more than the reality of the new passion in Germany. If I have succeeded, then every sane person will wish to see its speedy success. As matters stand to-day that passion may be turned back upon itself or it may be forced into false channels. In either case, who shall dare measure the consequences? If the really big men of Canada, America, Great Britain, France, and Italy can get together as private individuals and not as politicians, to meet with the really big men of Germany, perhaps they can lay the fearsome ghost that stalks abroad and makes us tremble at our own shadows. But this opens up another problem.

JOHN FIRMAN COAR.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Point and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who are requested to limit themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

Physical Training in Schools

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

Within the past few months two interesting investigations have been made in Toronto, one of the general physical development of our public school children, and the other of the physique of a limited number of university women, the latter examination not being compulsory. The results of these two investigations show only too clearly the urgent need of a more scientific organization of Physical Education in our Public and High Schools.

The report of the physical condition of public school children has already been freely discussed in the daily papers, but the facts brought out by the examination of university students are not yet generally known. This report, however, when it appears, will reveal a state of affairs that reflects little credit on the educational system of which these students are the product. Among some five hundred young women examined at the University of Toronto, over a thousand minor and major defects were discovered, more than two-thirds of which might have been corrected entirely or in part, through medical examination and properly applied exercises, during the primary and secondary period of education.

These facts are evidence that the importance of physical Training, so widely recognized by educationists in Europe, and in many of the States, has never been fully realized by our Education Department, at least in its relation to girls. Indeed at the present time, while Physical Training has its place on

the time-table of every Public and High School, it cannot be claimed that the instruction is given by adequately trained specialists. The ridiculously meagre requirements in this respect of the certificate offered by the Department of Education may place the responsibility of the physical development of school children on teachers quite unqualified to assume it, the result of whose work may be injurious rather than beneficial to the pupils. It is true that to obtain a specialist's standing in Physical Education, a teacher must take a further twelve weeks' course, but this specialist's course is again so inadequate, as to be equivalent to scarcely more than one term's work in the great Physical Training Schools of Canada and the United States.

The call of the hour in all departments of education is for thoroughly trained specialists, and in none are they more needed than here. To have other than the best is mere waste of school time, for if the school programme includes work of the 'mild' and 'purely recreative' type only, in which these amateur instructors can do no harm, the students are, on the other hand, receiving the minimum of benefit.

Surely in these days when the importance of physical fitness has been impressed upon us, and, as a result of the war, the standard of that fitness has inevitably been lowered, every effort should be made to raise it again, not alone in the boys, but even more in the girls, an equally important half of the race. To quote from *Physical Education in Relation to School Life*, by R. E. Roper, M.A.Ed., late Assistant Gymnastic Master at Eton College, 'We accept a low standard for men and a lower one for women, we disregard obvious influences which reduce them still further, and then—solemnly counting heads and measuring heights and chests—our statisticians arrive at an average of development which (owing to conditions of environment which might easily be removed) is but remotely connected with human potentiality. . . . It is high time we ceased theorizing about Scientific Physical Education and made it a living force, based not upon sentiment or aesthetic convention, but upon observation, analysis, reason and—last but not least—common sense.'

In Finland, prior to the war, gymnastics, in which the women were scarcely less expert than the men, were developed to an extraordinary degree, and the results of the widespread enthusiasm with which this work was received on all sides produced most beneficial results in the physique of the people.

May I add a word with regard to girls' athletics in the High Schools? Thanks alone to the enthusiasm and interest of a few teachers in each of the High Schools in Toronto, a Girls' Inter-collegiate Basketball League was formed, which is now completing its third year. If this has been successfully carried on by individual efforts, what an opportunity lies at the door of those in authority to develop in the schools a fine understanding of sport, not only in the few comprising the teams, but in every pupil, so that the Public and High Schools of Toronto may be filled with that spirit to

'Play up, play up,
And play the game.'

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

H. P. LEVESCONTE.

Art in Canada

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

Your recent correspondence regarding the mooted topic of 'Canadian Art' has raised in me the query—'What is the function of Art and what is its place in the life of the nation?'

Is it, as Mr. King seems to think, a reproduction of exterior life, or is it a real creative force leading and developing rather than following the progress of a people? If the latter is true for the individual, and surely the experience of many will give assent, it must be equally true for a collection of individuals.

So that—disagreeing again with Mr. King—the 'infancy' of our country cannot affect our Art, but rather the quality of our Art can promote and hasten the development of our country.

Mr. King says, 'Only a highly developed national life can give birth to a highly developed novel, play, poem, etc.' (I feel sure that Mr. King would consent to the inclusion here of the other arts of painting, music, architecture.) Is this so, or is it not rather that only a highly developed individual life can give birth to a highly developed novel, play, poem, etc.? The creative vision must come to the individual and be passed on to the people. The life of the people passes through the artist, stimulating his creative vision. So the shuttle, moving to and fro, weaves the future of the nation.

This, then, is the function of Art, and the task of the artist, whatever his medium—to foresee and visualize, and by creating in colour, line or written word, cause others to see that vision and translate it into the art of living.

Man strives for one thing ceaselessly—an increased consciousness of life. That is the impulse from which spring all his desires from the highest to the lowest, his one longing. Yet he turns away from the modern form of expression, because he does not understand that the artist of to-day, feeling a new stirring, a greater flow of pulsing life on every side of him, strains to enlarge the sensibilities; strains after new forms, new methods, new carriers; with an almost passionate desire to make the form signify something; to express what has seemed beyond expression—the intangible; to embody Spirit in visible form; to make life.

Is it not time for us to become more receptive to the new work in poetry, paint, and music? Why quarrel with the design of the chalice so long as it contains the life-giving waters? But the educationalists still hold aloft old patterns and old models of an old land to our young aspirants, the visionaries of a new world, saying, 'You must cut your cloth of dreams by these; these have stood the test of time; these are the approved types.' Pouring the wine of our young spirit into old bottles; endeavouring to re-create worn Europe in America; to follow the past instead of making a future! And the question arises, Will the transplanting of these old-world standards and ideals produce an Art which is the expression of a virile, growing country, pregnant with meaning and promise?

So let us re-examine our ideals for Art in Canada, and Canada in Art, rejecting only that which is not bringing Life into manifested form, a true expression of the spirit of Canada, that we as a people may live. For after all Life is the one absolute Art, the one pure Beauty.

Yours, etc.,

BESS HOUSSER.

[This correspondence must cease.—Ed.]

The New Humanism

THE humanism of the fifteenth century expressed itself in an exalted self-confidence. It was the time of Renaissance. With a bound, Europe freed herself from ecclesiastical tyranny and from a narrow scholasticism that had too long trammelled thought. The keynote of the movement, the sacred and inalienable right of every man to think and act for himself, was at first resonant and sweet. Learning revived, art became beautiful, a lust for discovery awoke. Man exulted in a new sense of personality.

But half a beast is the great God Pan when H awakes in us. After all, liberty, if it be not chastened

by self-restraint, will make an unhappy proletariat. Let the instinct for self-realization arise in the classes who, by training and heredity, are qualified to think and judge, and it will make for better manners, sweeter laws; but let it spread to the masses and there is sure to be wild license, vandalism, misery. It always means revolt. Reform movements, no matter how grand their primary purpose, never fail to stir counter currents that sweep many into a whirlpool of misery, and cast many others upon disgusting shallows. Individualism, beautiful in a Petrarch, grand in a Luther, splendid in a Columbus, was a wild beast in the French Revolution. It shows a very ugly face now, though side by side with much that is good, in the Russian Bolshevik, the Irish Sinn Féiner, the discontented vandal everywhere. It surely is our inalienable right, or we would not contend for it as we do, but it is a right we may well fear to hold save in fealty to that all-righteous Will, that over-ruling Zeus from Whom we came.

The humanist of the fifteenth century craved achievement above everything, but he limited his achievement, perforce, to his term of human life. What lay beyond was in the hands of God. The humanist of to-day has a farther vision. He would extend his term indefinitely, either here or on the plane beyond, and he is applying himself diligently to learn the means to extend it. Metchnikoff bitterly complained that life was too short. An eminent Bostonian, when told by his physician that he must soon die, said sadly that for the work he had planned he needed two hundred years more. A few men are now ready seriously to consider ways and means for prolonging individual life on this planet, while others are seeking proof that without our will it is prolonged on another plane.

The latter are the psychic researchers. A young man was killed in the war; his father, as eminent a scientist as lives, and consequently as judicial an investigator, believes that he receives messages from the lad—messages of a continuing life, where those we mourn continue to grow, work, learn, eat, drink and be merry. To establish communication between their plane and ours must be as great a problem with them as it is with us, for otherwise they would surely tell us where they are.

Now, far be it from the writer to say that psychic experiment has proved that man may survive human death. While intelligent, educated thinkers continue to doubt, the case is not proved. On the other hand, while men and women of sane critical judgment say that they are convinced of survival, the psychic field is a legitimate one for research. Certainly, no one but a charlatan or a reactionary can deny the hypothesis unless he is prepared to show indisputable natural causes for all psychic phenomena.

For the purposes of this discussion let us take the hypothesis that survival is possible. Once and

again religion has bidden us expect a home where peace and delight shall reign. Some earnest of that deathless hope surely burns in all people. What if we should find that it has a scientific basis? If we do not, man will not be all unhappy or hopeless, for the saint will still cry in death that in his flesh he will now see his God, and the sceptic, quieting himself in that philosophic acceptance of the inevitable with which Nature endows the good, will depart as grandly. The rank and file of both classes, however, would be greatly comforted to have science and religion meet in a proof that the individual survives.

To continue the argument, if Raymond Lodge and others still live on a plane invisible to us, it is natural to suppose that they found people there prepared to care for them. Otherwise we might well mourn. Granting the historicity of Jesus of Nazareth and assuming hypothetically His resurrection and ascension, He may be the One who received them. Certainly He would not be alone. While He was with us He moved a quiet and determined Psychic, always communing with unseen Intelligences who directed Him in all He did. He had one purpose only, to make people better. That is, by His healing power He gave them healthier bodies, by precept and example He rebuked their pettiness and hypocrisy, and by grand and beautiful carelessness He showed trust in the care of One Whom He called Father. That He was finally crucified, losing for the moment that power by which He had hither escaped His enemies, means one of two things: either that Father was circumvented by that enemy of whom Jesus always spoke, or He permitted His Son to be crucified, that the Resurrection might prove to man the tenacity of a good individual life. I incline to the latter opinion, though Jesus and His Apostles never minimized the power of the enemy.

Certain it is, that the will of the great Jesus does not now prevail on earth. Paul, speaking for His Master, decreed that one disciple must not go to law with another, but now Christian nations must keep great armaments as a safeguard against their Christian enemies. No one, apparently, sees the sad humour of the situation. Critics may ask why Jesus, if He is living now, does not grant honest sceptics the proof of His existence they honestly desire. A loving Intelligence does not refuse to answer humble and puzzled inquirers. We should remember that we know nothing of the laws that regulate communication. Many manifestations of mediumship are decidedly unpleasant, and we may well believe that Jesus would check such psychic phenomena as would open a door for His enemy.

The laws by which life may be prolonged on another plane are doubtless various and complicated. What a rich field for research! Those who live for centuries must have found means to keep their health and virility, or their existence would be misery. Our

own achievements in psychotherapy, hypnotism, telepathy, and all natural sciences may be hints from our ancestors of the realms they have conquered. Could we, not as saints and sinners only, but as hard headed, sound-hearted men and women, attain the proof that our individual life may persist after death, the new humanism would be ushered in. We should think of ourselves, not as brief expressions of consciousness in a great unconscious all, but as living, organic parts of one Organism. It may be that we cannot die. The fact that we came to this world as babes, that we grow up with haunting impressions of former existences that in most of us refuse to crystallize into memories, that willy-nilly we must go on again either into nothingness or with exhausted powers into an unknown plane, gives many of us an ill-used feeling. Were there a chance that the individual could attain by dint of energy and will some control, or at least knowledge, of the laws that govern his own existence, including death and rebirth, the ill-used feeling would change to a spirited ambition. All accepted standards of our civilization here, including the marriage institution, would modify or change. Great moral issues would undoubtedly arise. Religion, we may be sure, would become a vaster, grander quality in us.

If we survive death we shall probably find supermen and superwomen on the next plane. From our own moderate successes in mind-reading and telepathy we may infer that they would be perfect in both these arts, and that they know us altogether. If, as spiritual men have believed, by thought and will they rule this plane, we cannot suppose for a moment that they represent one beneficent Power. The spirit that makes for righteousness and harmony in our world is always at war with another spirit that makes for injustice and discord. It well may be that these two spirits, each to each opposed, are in intelligences in a plane above or surrounding us, and that our national and racial antipathies are reflections of hatreds more terrible. Titanic armies may contend above our battle fields. We, perhaps, may not have peace until they are at peace.

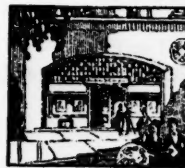
What, then, would remain for us? The very weary would ask for death rather than for another life of struggle. Our hope would lie in the restorative and kindly offices of the powerful ones into whose care we would pass. From our own humane instincts we can assume that theirs would be deep and beautiful. Surely there are those who would receive us as servants and children, who would heal us, and give us work to do. Healthy, normal people, actively employed, always seeing new worlds to conquer, will love to live for centuries and cycles.

Psychic researchers, instead of asking continually for communications from relatives, should try to find the Superman. If our dead are living they are doubtless under His control. It surely is not irreverent to

the Oversoul, Who must ever remain unknown, to wonder if a Man's Face did not appear to the very human Jesus on His solitary rambles and teach Him to say Father. He never spoke of a Mother, but in the economy of nature we must suppose Her also there. Perhaps a Superwoman received Him from Calvary into a lap of holy Motherhood.

We have taken as hypothesis the assumption that unseen intelligences live near us on another plane, but we fully concede that the hypothesis has not been established. The scientist, however, seldom retreats, and we may be sure the psychic investigator will go on until he has answered the question by yea or nay. In the meantime we must all continue our search for the long, healthy, ever-youthful, perfect life. Religion and science both refuse to look at death. The superman on this plane is the one who can have the most reverent spirit, the most loving heart, the keenest intellect and the healthiest, cleanest body. The Superman on the next plane, supposing that his life is indefinitely long, would have time to develop unimaginable power. He must react greatly to all we have ever apprehended of Nature, man, or God. In his scorn of what is mean he would be a consuming fire. In his obedience to that impersonal power that controls us all he will be as a glorious child, submitting to love only, and answering hate with hate. Were He with us to-day He would be King and Father, firmly and humorously quieting our unseemly wrangles, confirming our national institutions or giving us something better in their stead, leading us in a universal worship. Let the psychic researchers seek Him, that He may give us the laws of life.

MARY KINLEY INGRAHAM.



Ashley and Crippen

Photographs

61 Bloor West North 8252

Poems

Kitchen Window

I glance from humble toil and see
The star gods go in heavenly pride,
Bright Sirius glittering through a tree,
Orion with eternal stride.

And as I watch them in the blue
With shading hand against the glass,
I know not if their work I do
Or if for me they rise and pass.

Maple Bloom

In green lacy bloom
The old maple tree
Lifts over the pavement
A fair mystery.

It reaches and swings
To the rushing of cars,
It glows to the street lamp
And fades to the stars,

In the harsh traffic
Still bringing to birth
By pavement and building
The sweetness of earth—
The hidden, enduring
Sweetness of earth.

A Robin in the Bush

A robin sings and twitters,
Bringing the note of home and garden
Here into the wild grey bush.
The elbowed cedars cling to the bulging rocks,
The moose takes a crashing way through windfalls
down the ledges,
The partridge picks at the hanging berries of mountain
ash,
And the robin sings;
Linking the headlong torrent and all
With notes of home and garden
Where the lawn lies green and soft
Under the soothing sprinkler whirling its drops in
the sun.

Mongoose, Oct, 1920.

Windows

These careless windows freely cast
Their light and sound upon the night;
And crowding dancers show to all
Their weaving of delight.

But near at hand are windows dim
Withdrawn behind the quiet trees,
Where Sorrow's scarf upon the door
Is lifted by the breeze.

And far away the silent stars
As windows of a town appear,
And some are bright and some are dim
Like these I loiter near.

Buds

I turned aside from noisy streets
Where clashed the horn and gong.
I saw the moon through lilac buds
And heard the robin's song.

Like heralds of an evil king
The newsboys flung their cry;
The robin had a sweeter note
To match the golden sky.

'A double hanging' they proclaimed
With shouting as they ran,
And sweetly from the poplar tip
The robin taunted man.

I saw it kindle through the sky
And burst in bud and song
That cold brutalities of law
Can heal no human wrong.

O rulers, judges, jurymen,
All heedless of the spring,
Come see the moon among the buds
And hear the robin sing.

Kosher

The gory heads of slaughtered bulls
Lie staring through the misty glass;
Among them creeps a little babe
With hands that grasp the horns to pass.

Sharp rings the busy register,
The cleaver thuds upon the block,
I see the bearded butcher lift
His blade, like Moses at the rock.

Beneath the hard electric light,
Through festooned fat of crinkled mesh,
Great-bosomed dames in red and green
Are garrulous among the flesh.

So runs a turbid stream unspent,
Far-torn through many an ancient stress,
Since that dark priesthood plunged the knife
For Jahweh of the wilderness.

J. E. H. MACDONALD.



EARLY SPRING
BY
A. Y. JACKSON

English Music

THE fact that different races have strongly marked differences of taste and talent in music is so aggressively obvious that it is almost superfluous to adduce arguments to prove it. Everyone knows that Italians have a passion for vocal melody, that the French love ballet, and that the English people have a great and indomitable taste for the music of other nations.

It also seems, to people who think about it at all, that there is an intimate connection between national character and the peculiar tastes of a nation. It is observed that a voluptuous and passionate style is favoured by a self-indulgent and sensuous people, a superficially pretty and neat style is cultivated by a gay people, a weighty and serious style by an intellectual and strenuous people, a placid style by a complacent and reticent people, a blatant style by a vain and egoistic people, and an eccentric and angular style by a capricious and spasmodically energetic people. It is wise to remember when thinking of national characteristics in music that nations are merely geographical units, and when talking of French, or German, or Italian music, we are speaking of the music of very mixed races. The English of the gross Hanoverian time present such a different aspect from those of the Elizabethan time, that a stranger coming from another planet who could by any means see the two together at once might easily be deceived into thinking they were not the same people.

The English people are obviously most voracious of music which is not their own, and only of their own music when it is imitated from that of some other nation, and often thoroughly at variance with their character. But it cannot be pretended that the music they cause to flourish by their patronage does not, in a secondary sense, represent them. It represents their singular instinct for annexing everything, their really energetic cosmopolitanism, and the fact that, though they live on an island, *they are the least insular people in the world*. But it cannot be denied that there is a kind of Art which represents English people. All the Elizabethan and early Jacobean Music, whether choral or instrumental, has a national and consistent flavour. It has the same ring as the primitive English folk-music, and its salient characteristics are simplicity and unaffected tunefulness. It is in a sense best characterized by what it excludes. Passionate violation of intervals, or rhythm, or accents, are unknown to it. The temperamental representatives are all scanty; what there is of temperamental is rather generally diffused than vehemently asserted. And all this, assuredly, is quite in accordance with the national character.

Another very characteristic phase of directly representative English music is that of the latter

half of the seventeenth century. Henry and William Lawes led up to it, and it was carried on till it arrived at the new phase, in which Purcell achieved the most nationally representative music of any period, or of any composer. As far as tunefulness is concerned, there is no doubt that the products are splendidly representative of vigour, healthiness, and frankness. The tunes hold up their heads proudly. No morbid questionings, or futile complaints upon the hardship of our lot, but a good hearty courage to face things, come what will; and at the same time great quasi-literary instinct and power of dramatic expression and analysis. It is not altogether amiable or attractive. Foreigners as a rule do not like the English character; it seems cold and lacking in temperamental manifestations. And the true English music is totally unsympathetic to them for the same reasons.

Händel was guided by the taste of a wide and genuinely English audience, and the effect of their influence was to make the composer use his powers to great purpose, and provide types of style which affected the future course of art's evolution profoundly, and which not infrequently had a decided English character. The English have always had the instinct for getting the best that is to be had, unrestricted by nationality, and irrespective of the effects so urgently associated with the word 'dumping' by the municipal-bred politician. The acceptance of the services of foreigners may have the effect of representing a nation's ideas directly—as in the case of the native ponchos of the Arancaus, and Guasos of Chile, which are made in England, though they cannot be purchased there—or they may illustrate what may be called secondary or indirect influences, when they accept and further the establishment of purely and really foreign products, which are foreign in style and material, like the taste of the Zulu of old times, who had a positive dislike to being hampered with clothes in general, but took a passionate pride in appearing in public in a tall hat.

The influence which England has exercised on the general trend of art by its enthusiastic acceptance of Haydn, Beethoven, and Brahms, illustrates the national solidarity and respectability in matters of taste in a secondary degree. Händel's work represented them primarily and directly. He illustrated an adaptation of a familiar adage *Qui facit per alienum, facit per se*. He established the style which came to be recognized as English in the succeeding generations—yet Händel certainly did not invent the style. It became his by adoption only, and he left the impress of his genius upon it. It had been there before him, as Orlando Gibbons, Purcell, and a few others demonstrate to us, and it continued to be independent of him, as can be observed in many later English composers.

J CAMPBELL-McINNES

On the Borders of Russia

TO travel third class in Latvia is a friendly undertaking; everyone talks to everyone else, and everyone unites to expostulate with the guard about the temperature of the railway carriage. Intercourse is encouraged by the architecture of third class conveyances; many are luggage vans with a stove in the centre and benches round the walls. Two small windows admit a limited amount of light by day and one lantern and the glowing stove make darkness visible by night. In summer it is possible to open the great doors on either side and sit in a flood of sunshine, but in winter the average passenger prefers a warm dimness to the cold splendour of the snowy fields and sombre forest. Trains move thoughtfully. A Lett remarked philosophically, 'We go for ten minutes and a half and stop for an hour and a half; who knows why, perhaps the guard is reading a paper, perhaps the engineer is quarrelling, perhaps the station master is asleep and the train must stand until it occurs to him to wake. Truly there are many possibilities.' No one is impatient. A day more or less, what matters it? One is emancipated from the bondage of time. Passengers eat and smoke, talk and sleep; at stations it is possible to stretch one's legs and fetch hot water for tea or wash at a pump on the platform. There is plenty to do and fellow passengers are an unexplored mine of interest and excitement.

One day I found myself the centre of an interested crowd of fellow passengers, including members of a military band who had been playing all night at a country fair and a peasant woman who was going to Riga for a holiday with her earnings for a summer's work in the fields stuffed into the pockets of her short leather coat. The point of interest was that I was talking a strange tongue, neither Lettish nor Russian. One suggested it was Chinese and was regarded as an oracle until my companion confessed it was English. Immediately the company began to ask questions. What was England like? Was it a good country? How many English words must one know before starting for England? Why did everyone who went to England get rich? And so on. I took exception to the statement that all who went to England acquired wealth, but a boy who played in the band explained that my scepticism was ill-founded, for two of his cousins had gone to England and now one owned a restaurant and the other an estate. One could but bow before such evidence.

The peasant woman then took the centre of the stage. She had a rosy, pleasant face set off to advantage by her white head-handkerchief folded crosswise and tied beneath her chin. She was surrounded by bundles of apples and other country spoils and sat comfortably in a corner smiling on the company. 'Well, Mammy,' cried one, 'which of us

will you marry?' Each in turn explained his sterling worth and sleepers were awakened and told to propose to her. The peasant woman received all advances with composure and continued to count her savings. She required change for a note of 1,000 roubles, my offerings she regarded dubiously and questioned whether the shop keepers of Riga would accept them. In Latvia one should take time to mend one's bills as one does one's stockings and I had been dilatory in both respects. However all united to assure her that shopkeepers were less particular than she supposed, and, financial transactions settled, sleep, smoking, and trials of wit were the order of the day. The stove became red hot and the air increased in richness of flavour and in density.

Someone suggested music. Sleepers were roused; instruments were taken from the racks. The doors were thrown open. The countryside resounded to martial music. Men working on the line stopped to listen and passengers from other carriages clambered along the foot board to hear. The guard settled himself comfortably by the stove, unwilling to continue his rounds while such attractions were offered for remaining stationary. In a pause one of the musicians, a Little Russian with kindly blue eyes, began to discourse on music. Why was it that England had no great composers and Russia and Germany had many? For him there was no greater joy than playing good music in an orchestra; but it was difficult to earn one's living by music, especially when one had a wife and children.

The talk turned to the revolution. A soldier who had been sleeping in a corner sat up and called out, 'I tell you, all capitalists must go and the only way to get rid of them is to shoot them.' The Russian musician remarked, 'The Bolsheviks are well enough and it was necessary to have a new order; I do not hate them. I served in the Red Army. But no man thinks of politics when he is hungry and one of my children died of hunger in Russia; therefore I deserted and escaped to Latvia. Now I should be shot were I to return. But I would return some day, for Moscow is indeed the heart of the world and there is no land like Russia. I have never killed anyone,' he added reflectively, 'I have always been a musician.'

A soldier turned to the peasant woman. 'You will marry me, Mammy, will you not?' She laughed. 'I must think,' she declared, 'and I must know the principles of the man I marry. It is possible that you do not believe in God and are bound for a bad place and I should be reluctant to have such for a husband.' 'No one believes in God nowadays,' was the retort, 'the revolution has changed all that.' The others were interested and turned to listen. 'There, you see I cannot marry you,' she retorted. 'You have no principles.' The Russian musician took up the tale. 'Truly there is no God in Russia to-day, for the Bolsheviks have turned the churches into

the streets and the people have seen what they thought was God is only old rags and pictures.' 'Did the people believe God was in the pictures', I asked. 'Did none believe in a spirit of brotherhood which might be God?' 'Were that the case all Russians would believe in God to-day,' he replied. 'I sometimes think there may be a God, but the common people have no philosophy, they must have a system.' The boy with relatives in England said, 'I do not believe in God, but we must try to have faith for the sake of order, for we have seen what disorder is. The church as an institution is useful. I say "Have faith," but I do not really believe in God.' The woman said slowly, 'I believe in God, whatever you may say.' 'Mammy, you are old-fashioned,' they cried. 'We'll grant you we have seen good pastors who work for the people, but we cannot believe in God.' The woman turned on them almost fiercely and exclaimed, 'I do not want pastors, I want God!'

They shrugged their shoulders and took out things to eat. He who would kill capitalists offered apples to all; those of us who had sandwiches handed them round. The Russian musician pulled a pair of baby's socks from his pocket and called for admiration of their texture and cheapness as compared with those to be bought in the town. The revolution had upset traditional ways and beliefs; life was very mysterious and difficult, but food and companionship and the noise of children were tangible realities. So we ate a common meal together as the train carried us slowly through the wide spaces of snow and pines.

MARGARET WRONG.

The Salvage of the Sockeye

THE west was fired with an August sunset as our boat, *J.R. 640*, slid into the north arm of the Fraser River from her moorings at the cannery. It was terribly still. Sea Island, on our port side, was fragrant with late hay, and lay in garments of purple and gold. Occasionally a rat moved in the dank grasses fringing the stream, or a late bird flew low to its nest in the rushes. Behind us, on the hills, suburban lights pricked out a pattern in the haze and seemed to throw long silver threads into the cloven and quivering waters in our wake.

I had promised myself the luxury of a night with the salmon fleet, and now it was to be realized. 'J. R.' was pushing the boat toward the gulf with the oars, while the idle sails invited the wind. I sat in the stern sheets watching this man of the sea putting out his craft, his body silhouetted against the mainsail. The mountains on Vancouver Island looked like a saw which had hurriedly been introduced to a file by an amateur; the sea caught the deep purple of the sunset aftermath, and became a flowing sheet

of superb heliotrope; out from the filmy blur of the distance blinked stray lights of the questing fleet. Now and again a flying meteor described its curve and passed.

A light breeze sprang out of the nor'-east and bellied the sail, hitting the retiring tide and catching us well abeam. While my captain attended to his lamps and made ready his gear, I held the mainsheet and the tiller; we sped across laughing little waves, scattering the phosphorescence; now and again the salmon would lift and plunge—everything was alive; for a while we seemed to be racing into a thousand stars—the lights of the fleet; above us burned the lights of heaven, below the subtle phosphorus; and then, to complete the scene, from the ragged edge of the mountain range behind us swept a generous moon.

'J. R.' threw his apron and dripping gloves aside; the net was laid, and, the wind dropping, we swung out calmly, crescent-shape with the tide. He swore softly as he laid the supper. The kettle spouted steam over an oil stove, whereat this man of the sea made tea, opened pork and beans, and, in honour of his unknown guest, was prodigal with his corned beef, and ventured on jam to boot. Near to midnight, supper in an open boat drifting in the gulf, with the salmon all around surging toward their doom! Occasionally in the course of our refection we stopped to listen—a splash and lunge, another big fish has hit the net. The mesh is doing the work well, but the long line of floats within the reach of our lamps gave no sign, the net being heavily weighted with lead, and the floating end-lantern, nearly three hundred yards away, blinked steadily across the waters.

After the repast, 'J. R.' calmly washed the tin platters in the sea, using a piece of waste for a dish-cloth, and swept them into a box. Happy soul, domestic economy fully developed, as yet unknown to those whose lot it is to dwell in ceiled houses! We sat long into the hours of the morning; fast gasoline boats, with spluttering exhaust, shot past us, carrying their rich burdens into the river; many sounds strange and weird encircled us—the shout of a Japanese at his haul, the moaning of a steamer feeling her way into the Narrows, the lap of the ever-restless sea. 'J. R.' told me about his life. Out in that vast loneliness he told me of his own loneliness. He laughed often to cover awkward places in the narrative, and swore less frequently. He was anxious to know the name and nature of this traveller unknown, but I refused to be drawn. He tried temperance and ethical subjects generally, but without avail. I insisted that he do the talking, and he certainly did. Just before daybreak I lay down in the fo'castle and, to the lilt of the rise and fall of the boat, fell asleep with the soft salt air playing about me, while 'J. R.' crouched, watching the long line of floats stretching away into the darkness.

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About six in the morning we drew the net. The fish were thrown into the sections made for their reception; they averaged about seven pounds apiece, and we could have carried five hundred, but the haul was not so great. Compared with the spring salmon, the sockeye lacks nerve, and resigns very quickly to his undoing; the long period of struggle in the net may have much to do with this seeming passivity. The length and mesh of these nets are all determined by the Government. The ordinary 'seine,' as they are called, has a six-inch mesh, three fathoms deep, and is one hundred and sixty fathoms in length, although, as 'J. R.' quaintly remarked, 'Some of the suckers have about a mile.' This had direct reference to lawless fishermen, and not to the fish.

The net is held by long oblong floats every few feet, and weighted with lead at the bottom; the total weight of the ordinary outfit is five hundred pounds. It is interesting to note how easily these men of the sea will lay the net in proper position in the boat, so that it will be ready to cast again without tangle. All other fish than salmon were returned to the sea—plaice, soles, crabs, etc. Salmon was king with 'J. R.' and the price was good. All boats are licensed; in some cases the canneries supply the boat and the net, and for this the men pay a rental. Many own their own outfits, especially the Japanese.

My captain cooked six eggs and two thick rashers of bacon, and brewed very black coffee; I was to breakfast royally before returning to port. The old salt complimented me upon my gastronomic effort—three eggs, a very emphatic rasher, sundry pieces of bread and jam, two large cups of coffee, and finally seeded raisins and crackers. All this in a rocking boat by a layman! Shortly afterwards a swift launch came alongside, with a shrewd and slender Japanese as skipper. He eyed our fish professionally, and counted them as they were thrown singly from one boat to another; an entry was made in a book, and duplicated in another belonging to 'J. R.' He motioned with his hand, a mere lad sprang to the engine and we tore up a churning path of foam as we headed for the river. A signal flew from another argosy, and again the tale of fish was told and entered, and on we sped with our rich harvest of the sea to the cannery. I offered a fare to this slim captain of the fast little cutter; he smiled indulgently, showed his white teeth, and threw the end of a cigarette over the bows.

At the cannery the fish were thrown by long poles with a steel point on to the landing; by revolving apparatus they reached machines which gutted and washed; then the knives fell and the pieces found their way into cans, this work being done by hand, Indians and Japanese women working side by side, some with their babies strapped to their backs. In a well ordered cannery the business seems to require haste, as the sockeye only stays a short while; con-

sequently in these interesting, although rather smelly, places there is a steady hum of machinery and a well organized movement by the many hands employed.

The cans with the pieces of salmon firmly fitted in swiftly find their way to the conveyors, reaching a machine which weighs and rejects all that are found wanting; the correct weights pass triumphantly forward, the shorts are augmented at a table by a nimble-fingered Japanese boy and sent along justified. The procession then reaches a point where a lad feeds circular covers of tin into a hopper; these lids, which have a tiny hole in the centre to allow the air to escape when pressure is applied, are quickly clamped on to the can, and it then turns on its edge, runs along a valley of molten lead, emerging thoroughly soldered. Large iron trays convey them to the first cooking of about thirty minutes. From the steam ovens they pass to a soldering table where the small hole is stopped, then into vats of water to test for bubbles. Passing this examination, they enter the ovens for the final cooking of sixty-five minutes, thus being reduced to a proper mood for the palate. Once again the trolleys with their many trays are rushed to the soldering tables from the ovens, and here every can is deftly punctured; a jet of salmon oil spits up at each indenture, a swift-fingered Chinaman follows with solder, and the holes are immediately stopped. Cooling, the cans contract, a vacuum is practically obtained which preserves the fish until the can is once more opened never to be closed again. In due course the cans receive a bath of lacquer to prevent rust and to give a nice finish. They are then labelled; in the first grades a wrapping of tissue paper is added; then they are boxed—the half-pounds ninety-six, the pounds forty-eight to the box, and lo! they are ready to travel to the ends of the earth, to be eaten by kings and commoners alike. Such is the story of the salvage of the sockeye, the fish that is endowed with a wise geographical preference for British Columbia as its native sphere, and which, under the genius of the British Columbian, has become one of the greatest contributions to the food supply of the world, and consequently one of the most active heralds in the proclamation of this wonderful province unto all races of men.

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And the park elm droops and nods
While I'm behind brick and mortar,
Chained by the office gods.
The sun is a flaming gold-piece
And there's never a puff of air,
But still I may dream of a lake and a stream
And a wind-song that's calling me there:

Swish! Swish!
Having my wish,
The world at morn
And a flashing fish.
Smoke a-curl
From a vagrant camp,
Selvedged shore
And the wild rose damp;
Sun-splashed lake
And a shaded bay—
Pipe, and a paddle
To dip, and away!
Rouse up the blackbird,
Startle the deer—
Cities are living
But Life is here!
Swish! Swish!
Having my wish—
A boat, a pal,
And a flashing fish!

D. B. MACRAE.

Our Bookshelf

Sociology

The Mind in the Making, by J. H. Robinson, of the School for Social Research (Harper & Bros.).

This book is a striking exception to the easily demonstrable rule that American professors do not write well. It is clear, forcible, and coherent. The author himself describes it as an essay, and the 'beginning of a beginning.' He means it to be suggestive and it is so. The central thought of his essay is as follows: we live in 'a shocking derangement of human affairs.' 'The world demands a moral and economic regeneration which it is dangerous to postpone, but as yet impossible to imagine.' Now, we have 'unprecedented knowledge,' but how are we to use it? Then comes the most important idea in the book, to which the author again and again recurs. We quote:

No one who is even most superficially acquainted with the achievements of students of nature during the past few centuries can fail to see that their thought has been astoundingly effective in constantly adding to our knowledge of the universe, from the largest nebula to the tiniest atom; moreover this knowledge has been so applied as to well-nigh revolutionise human affairs, and both the knowledge and its applications appear to be no more than hopeful beginnings, with indefinite revelations ahead, if only the same kind of thought be continued in the same patient and scrupulous manner.

But the knowledge of man, of the springs of his conduct, of his relation to his fellow-men, singly or in groups, and the felicitous regulation of human intercourse in the interest of harmony and fairness have made no such advance. Aristotle's treatises in astronomy and physics, and his notions of 'generation and decay,' and of chemical processes, have long gone by the board, but his politics and ethics are still revered. Does this mean that his penetration in the sciences of man exceeded so greatly his grasp of natural science, or does it mean that the progress of mankind in the scientific . . . regulation of human affairs has remained almost stationary for over 2,000 years? I think that we can safely conclude that the latter is the case.

The book then goes on, after brief mention of the reform in physical science begun by Bacon and Galileo, to show how changes in form of government, and also how religion and education, have failed to make men live together more amicably or rationally. Education fails, the author tells us, perhaps because it does not concern itself with political science. He then gives us a short disquisition on the 'foundations of belief,' and argues that since we all 'rationalise' on assumed, or accidental and even stupid premises, all 'rationalising' comes to nothing. At any rate our author throws metaphysics overboard, and with it thinks there should perhaps go all that has 'passed for politics and ethics' up to date. (We may note in passing that our author seems to know nothing at first hand of the English intuitionist school, but cites Professor Dewey, Veblen, and Vilfredo Pareto.) There follows a brilliant application of this to present American prejudices and heedless swallowing of newspapers. Man's 'animal heritage,' his 'herd instinct'

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and the warping influence of certain things in his infancy all contribute. We are next given a brief and necessarily superficial sketch of Greek thought. Plato is thrown out of the door, Aristotle out of the window, and finally (this is a good example of American prejudice) we are told 'the mechanical inventiveness of the Greeks was slight.' Our author repeats an old error in saying: 'They never devised a mechanical timepiece.' After a sketch of the Middle Ages and the scientific and industrial revolution we return to present economic ills—'the sickness of acquisitive society,' and especially to the outrageous reactionarism of the United States authorities. Once more the main argument is stated: the trouble is that we have not applied to politics and ethics the same independence of thought as did the pioneers in science to physical problems.

All through there is much fresh suggestiveness, and many pointed asides on the tyranny of big business and the state (sometimes we are told they are the same thing). The book is to be recommended for reading to those who have begun to suspect that in America everything we read and hear is propaganda. I can even conceive that it would stir the conscience of University executives. But when all is said, the central argument of the book is fallacious, and if our author had read Plato and Aristotle, whom he so much despises, he would not have fallen into the error.

The distinction which our author makes between the progress of physical sciences on the one hand, and politics and ethics on the other, had struck both Plato and Aristotle, and in many places they call attention to it. As writers on political philosophy they naturally lamented this, and they offered suggestions as to how the discrepancy might be lessened, but neither of them were sanguine that the discrepancy could be abolished. Aristotle indeed plainly lays down the reason for the eternal difference between politics (including ethics) and the other sciences. Politics and ethics, in his language, are defective in exactness; and this for two reasons: they have to do with man, who is a free agent; and, dealing with action, they have always to do with particulars. History may help us much; comparison of various constitutions may help us much; above all, experience, as Plato had said, is important. But in the last analysis, politics and ethics deal always with a human conscience, with one given political action—things not 'self-existent and separable from matter,' to use Aristotelian language. Hence they are not teachable as music is teachable, for instance. To be sure, the distinction is one which might be pressed too far, and it seems to me that the philosophic thought of the last half century which has insisted on the irrational basis of our scientific beliefs, as well as other beliefs, has lessened the difference between pure science and politics, by making science less

scientific. Plato and Aristotle, like philosophers down to Hegel, aimed at bridging the discrepancy by making politics more scientific. Still the difference remains most marked and most important, and the author of this book neglects it altogether.

Fiction

Wanderers, by Knut Hamsun (Macmillan, \$2.50).

More than is the case with any other living novelist, the developing personality of Hamsun seems to be the dominating interest in his writings. This may be due in part to the extreme subjectivity of his earlier work, of *Hunger* and *Pan*, and of books as late as the two combined in this translation. Even though *Growth of the Soil* is as epic in its objectivity as in its other aspects, it is chiefly discussed as indicating the solution of Hamsun's problem of life.

There are three interests in *Wanderers*. One is biographical. A key is supplied to the mystery of how the man who wrote *Hunger* could also write *Growth of the Soil*. The second interest is the story of the marital infelicity of the Falkenbergs. That story has been told as well by lesser writers. But the epic Hamsun, the creator of *Isak*, is seen in Knut Pedersen and his fellow-workmen. Not in the mournful resignation with which Knut watches the death of desire, however, but in the trees and fields and days in which he and his companions work, and still more in the insight revealed into the 'hired man's' mind. Even Hamsun cannot quite understand it. The human soul is, after all, too eternally isolated for that. The 'hired man's' soul can never be revealed except by himself, and he is forever dumb. But Hamsun can almost speak with his lips. For most writers, the cutting of a tree is a dull and unimportant thing. Interest in it is regarded as a mark of littleness. Or else it is ridiculously etherealized into a symbol of infinite pain or joy. Hamsun can see it as the chopper and sawyer see it.

Van Zanten's Happy Days, by Laurids Bruun (Macmillan, Toronto).

This is a translation from the Danish of a work that has already passed into several European languages and been widely read. The Germans who are as eager to translate as we are reluctant knew it twelve years ago and but for the war we might have had it earlier. There is much to recommend the book as an artistic romance of the South Seas, as an addition to that interesting store of knowledge to which natures as different as Joseph Conrad and Gauguin have already contributed. The interest in this case attaches itself to the surprisingly frank account of the sexual life of the natives. The writer is too much of an artist to allow his moral purpose to obtrude itself unpleasantly, but he is perfectly outspoken in his occasional strictures on the sex

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conventions of Europe. He prefers the native woman to the prostitute and potential prostitute of the city street and something of the native purity that he admires has passed into his book, making it cleansing and wholly acceptable. The book is uncommon, a model of good writing and feeling.

These young brown girls . . . defy competition in the art of staring. Their glance is more daring than that of any European woman, but nevertheless strangely chaste, clean, innocent. It conceals nothing, betraying each inquiry, each desire, each impulse which enters their minds. There is no flippancy, no giggling, no secret sensuality. . . . It is because of these women that I cannot now in my loneliness saunter along the Boulevard in the evening and see the civilized demi-mondaine's shameless smile without being utterly disgusted.

The Life and Death of Harriet Frean, by May Sinclair (Macmillan, \$1.35).

I must warn you at once. Do not, unless you have a natural taste for gloom, read *Harriet Frean* without first consulting a psycho-analyst to find out if you are impervious enough emotionally to appreciate Miss Sinclair as an artist without being devastated by the atmosphere she produces. Personally, having begun it, I finished it, unlike Harriet with Herbert Spencer, which, despite stronger principles than mine on the subject of finishing any book you begin, she put down almost at once, cheating herself with the thought that she was guarding her soul from something very dangerous. Well, I did not guard mine and *Harriet Frean* is exceedingly dangerous in the sense that it is the most depressing book I have ever read. Briefly, and in the hope that you will avoid infection, it is the story of gradual mental decay as the result of too much concentration of 'goodness,' unseasoned by thought or common sense. Harriet Frean, born in the early nineteenth century, is an only child and is brought up in an atmosphere of mutual adoration, assiduous avoidance of the ugly, and no mental activity whatever. A grain of original sin might have saved her and a comparatively small grain, in the shape of the temptation to marry a man who is engaged to her best friend but loves Harriet, is offered her but rejected on grounds of honour, and henceforth she lives entirely in her parents, finding considerable emotional outlet in adoration of them. At their death she is suddenly deprived of everything that makes up her life. From then on she perishes slowly and pitifully before our eyes until, when nearly seventy, she develops her mother's disease—it's an additional ironic touch of Miss Sinclairs' not to allow her originality even in her illnesses—and dies in what I feel is the authentic Freudian atmosphere. In fact, I have a feeling throughout that to the initiated the book is even more Freudian than it appears to the casual lay eye. It might fittingly have been called 'Inhibited Desires.'

At the risk of appearing impertinent I cannot resist mentioning for any reader who has missed the *Spectator's* review of this book, that they are slightly

chagrined at the implication that Harriet's father, whom they consider unduly anaemic, was a contributor to their columns.

Latchkey Ladies, by Marjorie Grant (Heinemann, London).

Part of the charm of this book, which by the way is by a Canadian, lies in its normality and naturalness. It is really rather a relief nowadays to come across characters who, while certainly real and alive, are made of no finer clay than the readers, and are no more sensitive, no more intellectual and no more temperamental—above all *no more temperamental*. In writing a book about ordinary normal people, leading more or less usual lives, at what seems to me a very average degree of intensity, Miss Grant has done something which badly wanted doing. *Latchkey Ladies* is much the best and most convincing portrayal yet done of the manners, habits and morals of that new class of moderately well-educated, fairly well-bred, self-supporting women. It also gives the best exposition I have seen of twentieth century standards and point of view and this because the characters, being in no way in the vanguard of progress, are actuated unconsciously and unaggressively by the modern spirit and thus are typical of their age.

Apart from the confirmed novel reader, who should lose no time in getting *Latchkey Ladies* and will delight in it both for the story and for the directness and vividness of the style, it should be read on purely utilitarian grounds by four classes of people. First, anyone who is contemplating the latchkey life for a truthful picture of the advantages and drawbacks thereof; second, anyone who is interested in children for the description of some very charming ones encountered during the heroine's brief teaching experience; third, any bewildered but would-be sympathetic member of the old regime who fears the worst but still is capable of *hoping* the best of the new generation; fourth, in future times, any historian of the manners and customs of the English middle class in the twentieth century, especially during the war.

Nature

Kittens, by Svend Fleuron (Macmillan, \$2.00).

It is an audacious publisher who issues a translation of any book about a family of cats, even if it is written by the foremost Scandinavian naturalist. But this book is worthy of translation. It is really engrossing, even to a non-lover of cats. We have good writers of animal stories. Generally they select a wild animal, typical, except for the possession of his tribal qualities in an extraordinary degree, and conduct him through an adventurous career in the romantic surroundings of his native wilds, or represent him in a pathetic struggle against conditions of captivity. Sometimes they do as Pierre Loti does

in his *Vies de Deux Chattes* and chronicle the relationships between men and animals. But Fleuron has here done none of these things. There is no ready-made glamour of setting, since the scene is laid for the most part in a field of grain. The cats are not feline prodigies. But they are individuals, seven outlaw cats with widely different characters, and herein lies much of the charm of the narrative. The style is vigorous and direct, and yet possesses unexpected colour possibilities. The descriptions of mornings, for instance, are revelations in word pictures.

Short Notices

The Trembling of a Leaf, by W. Somerset Maugham (George H. Doran Co., N.Y.).

These are queer, ironic, imaginative stories of the South Sea Islanders in which the wild, luxuriant, flaunting nature seems to call up the primal nature of mankind, so that men either revert happily and lightly to an animal existence, or, unable to revert, are driven hither and thither by desire until, passion-ridden, they destroy themselves. Throughout there is an atmosphere of a force uncontrolled and uncontrollable warring against restraint and beating down all the bulwarks thrown up against it. Mr. Maugham is writing here with even more than his usual force and with a power of stirring the imagination which puts him easily in the first class of modern short story writers.

The Fair Rewards, by Thomas Beer (Borzoi Novels; Macmillan Co. of Canada, \$2.50).

This is a 'curate's egg' of a book, delightful in parts but very disappointing as a whole. Mr. Beer has decided skill in creating diverse atmospheres and a marked talent for conversations, but these two qualifications alone do not make a successful novel out of his weak plot and unsubtle characterization. You are left at the end in the somewhat illogical position of wondering why the book was written, but at the same time hoping that Mr. Beer will write a second and stronger one. His rather unusual sensitiveness to both English and American points of view and atmosphere should be of great value to him as a novelist.

Dominion Income Tax: Questions and Answers. (Canadian Debentures Corporation, Toronto.)

This is a useful and handy pamphlet on all questions connected with income tax.

5,000 Facts about Canada, compiled by Frank Yeigh (Canadian Facts Publishing Co., Toronto, 30c.).

We have received a copy of the 1922 edition of this booklet and find that Mr. Yeigh's joy in mere size as opposed to quality is showing no signs of abatement.

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Trade and Industry

	Jan. 1922	Feb. 1922	Mar. 1922	Apr. 1922	Apr. 1921
Wholesale Prices ¹ (Michell)	158.4	159.1	157.1	158.2	186.4
Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette)	\$21.49	\$21.07	\$20.96	\$23.31
Volume of Employment ² (Employment Service of Canada)	80.6	81.6	81.8	82.1	85.9
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities ³ (Michell)	105.6	108.1	108.5	112.0	107.8

¹Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

²Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

³The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE month of April has been a good one for investors. The rise in security prices, which was noted on this page four weeks ago, has continued, and at an increasing rate. Moreover, the movement is broadening and the character of the stocks which have appreciated is gradually changing. Whereas for some time the quietest and most conservative, stocks whose dividends are almost as uniform as bond interest, were conspicuous among the leaders, other securities, whose prices have been subject to comparatively wide fluctuation, are now sweeping on with the tide.

Outstanding among those which form the basis of our table, Dominion Textile rose twelve points during April, while Lake of the Woods rose ten points, Penman's five, and Canada Steamships four points. The present level of prices on the stock market is well above that of a year ago. Such conditions have not been seen for a long time.

To those who are inclined to regard this as an intelligent anticipation by far-sighted investors of impending industrial revival, the suggestion has already been made, that it is really something very different. We shall find an explanation of what is happening rather in the present stagnation of business than in any signs of great activity to come. As funds accumulate in idleness, for want of employment in bringing goods to market, a movement such as this inevitably starts. In a sense, its continued strength reflects the depth of the depression.

Growing demands for equipment on the part of the railways in the United States, and a change to 'Set Fair' in that barometer of business conditions, the American iron and steel industry, have been greeted on both sides of the border as the forerunners of a general improvement. But the bearing of these developments on our own situation is by no means so direct as this.

A real industrial revival, which will absorb the large army of unemployed workers in Canada—an army whose numbers would still far more than suffice to fill the *cadres* of the Canadian Expeditionary Force—can only come about as the result of an extensive

process of readjustment, which is still far from complete. It cannot be insisted too often that the main thing which we are waiting for in Canada is a revival in the purchasing power of the farmer. He must be able to sell at higher prices, and buy from us at lower prices before he can buy once more on an extensive scale.

True, there has been a very considerable reduction in the price of certain of our manufactures. Woollen goods have fallen by something like fifty per cent. since the depression started. Leather goods have fallen almost as rapidly. Furniture has fallen a long way from the peak. But it can be said of comparatively few Canadian factory products that adjustment is complete; and some, such as implements, crockery and glassware, cutlery and kitchen furnishings, have far to go.

A fractional monthly rise in the price of farm products, a fractional monthly fall in the price of factory goods—these are the current tendencies. The old equilibrium between the producer on the farm and the producer in the city was very rudely broken. We have been compelled to seek a new point of equilibrium; and, notwithstanding our achievements in particular directions, we seem at the moment only to be groping towards it.

But if the situation is generally quiet, it is not without bright exceptions. To the recent fall in the price of building materials may be attributed, at least in large measure, the widespread revival in the building industry. Other influences, such as lower interest charges, and a greater output per worker, have doubtless played their part. On an average, the building and furnishing of a home probably costs at least 15 per cent. less than it would have done at this time last year. During the first twelve months of the depression the cost of building materials and of house furnishings generally remained at a relatively high level; with results that might easily have been foreseen. But they could not indefinitely resist the downward tendency. Once made, the reductions quickly stimulated business.

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